



Genghis Khan

Rylan Choi, Grade 4

The strong winds gusted around all forty thousand soldiers as we gathered together at the bottom of Burkhan Khaldun. The date was 1179. The enemy soldiers had assembled before us. I gripped my sword tightly as I gave the order to go. Upon my command, we charged like a hive of bees. The air flew at me, but I did not let that affect my vision. Our mission was to get my wife back from those vile snakes.

As we got into battle, my sword rose and fell, again and again, my power fueled by my anger. I stopped as a storm of arrows came crashing down on the enemy camp like raindrops splattering the ground. The enemies dropped down, slain protecting their camp. Sharp, searing pain flashed through me as I saw a glint of steel go by. Warm blood gushed out of the wound, covering my hands like red dye spilling out into the ocean. I felt a little faint, but that changed when I saw someone fleeing from the camp.

It was my wife, her clothes looking tattered and torn. This was supposed to be a rescue mission! Panicking, I ran to her calling out her name. Once she heard me, she came running to me, sobbing. Now reunited, we escaped from the battle. Together we looked out onto the ruins, gazing at the little stars dotting the sky.